

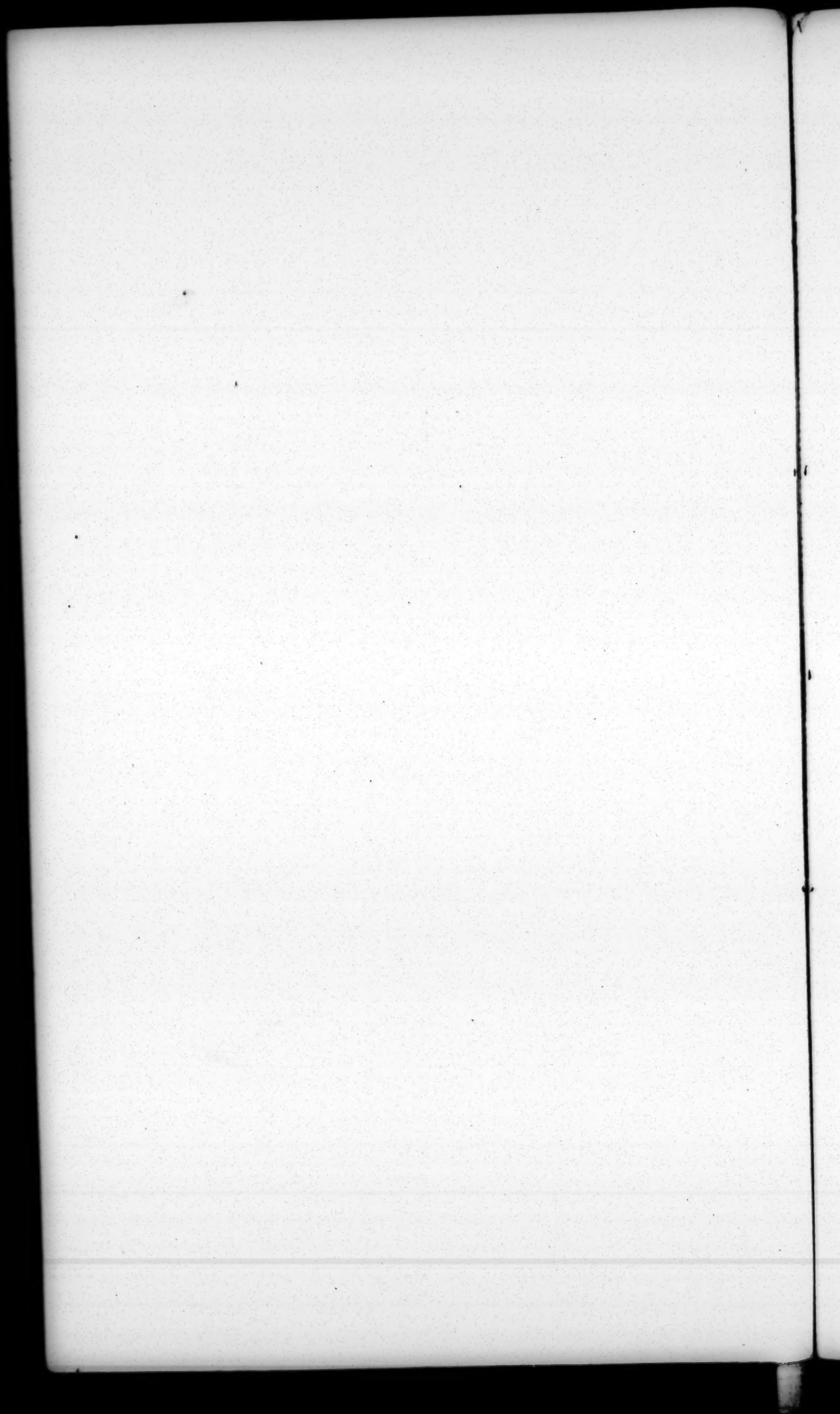
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A N  
*Oxford* DREAM.

ADDRESS'D TO  
His Royal Highness  
THE  
D U K E.

[Price SIX-PENCE.]

*Gough Add. Oxon  
8. 219. 3.*



A N  
*O X F O R D*  
D R E A M.

M O S T  
DUTIFULLY and PATHETICALLY  
ADDRESS'D TO HIS  
ROYAL HIGHNESS  
T H E  
D U K E.

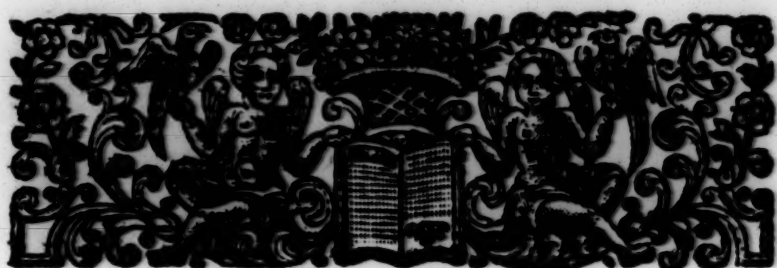


L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR, 1751.







A N

## OXFORD DREAM.

*May it please your Royal Highness,*

**C**OMING Home to a poor  
yet green and gay retreated  
Hermitage in the Country the  
other Night, chagrin'd and weary,  
not with Hunting, Shooting, or  
Plant-

Planting, nor with publick Cares,  
 Diversions or Follies in any kind,  
 but of that oddly compounded agreeable Creature my own sweet self only, and the pretty Gentleman-like, fauntring, idle, amusing way in which I had murder'd the whole Day: And yet, to crown bad with worse, too oft alas! the perverse practice of Men, instead of retiring, without loss of more Time to my Study, and minding my Book, like a discreet Philosopher, I must needs walk in, forsooth, and sit myself carelessly down on a friendly Chair in my Parlour near the Fireside,

side, where I had not sat long before the Fire lull'd me (as it often will Country Folks after their Labor, and the Tire of the Day) into a very still and pleasing composure of Mind, so that soon after, dropping asleep, I dreamed a Dream, which since it abounds with no smutty Circumstances, and here and there, perhaps, may disclose a shining One ; I must ask Leave, without further Apology, to publish and commend it to the World, as an Entertainment too virtuous and too delicate even to shock the Ear of the strictest Philo-



Philosopher, or the chafteft Lady  
 in *Great Britain*. Methoughts  
 then (which of the two Heathen  
 Deities, whether *Pan*, or charitable  
*Flora* convey'd me thither, I cannot  
 tell) but methought, I lay stretcht  
 at my Eafe, with a *Greek* Book  
 in my Hand, near a Fountain's  
 Side adorn'd with a Multitude of  
 the fweeteft and gayeft Flowers  
 imaginable, fan'd with the foftest  
 Summer Breeze, and courted with  
 many an amorous Song, by a  
 Thoufand little warbling Birds  
 from contiguous bloomy Hedges,  
 Hills and Thickets. Amidft fuch  
 a Lux-



a Luxury of rational Enjoyment, having occasion to lay down my Book, and shift my Posture, as I rais'd my reclining Carcase into the erect and proper Attitude of Man, I beheld, to my unspeakable Astonishment, a spacious Plain, cover'd with an Army of gay Personages just about to draw up, and pass in review, not very far from the Place where I stood.

Thither flew mad *Pill - Gar-*  
*lick* swift as *Mercury* with light  
Wings upon his Feet, and very  
soon I got there ; when, upon  
B looking

looking stedfastly in the Faces of the Gentlemen of the Army, I immediately recollected to have seen the Pictures of several amongst them, and thence concluded more to my amazement, that the Army I now gaz'd upon was compos'd chiefly of modern *European* Princes. I shall not dissemble, but frankly own (God pardon me) that I was wonderfully transported with the Sight of their fine red Cloaths in the richest manner distinct with Gold, and with the Jewels that look'd like so many glittering little Stars upon them; which together with the glare

glare of polish'd Swords and Spears, the exhilarating Sound of Drums and Trumpets, merry Gestures and joyous Voices, made my Heart dance within me, and threw me into an inexpressible Alertness and good Humour of Mind. A Sight like this, excessive glorious to behold, could not fail to excite, I think, at least one dim ray of Light and Curiosity in the Mind of the most impenetrable Blockhead alive. My impatient Heart however, tho' set agog to know, yet could not possibly tarry to enquire into the distinguishing Adventures, and pecu-



liar Characters of the several military Princes, seemingly so very happy, and at the same time so very lavish of Life ; not but that I be-  
 thought myself, and at any other Time, perhaps, should not have omitted to improve the Thought, what a fine Harvest of golden Speculation a Man of common Sense, tho' but a moderate Philosopher, might be able to glean up from their illustrious Examples and shining Lives, that might serve at once to mend, to animate, and to irradiate, his own. But, over me, at this Juncture, another and stronger Curiosity



riosity prevail'd, which, indeed, quickly heated me into such a Fervor of Resolution, that, breaking through little Forms and Ceremonies of Behaviour, I stole down on my Knee with my Hat under my Arm, at the Feet of one of the Princes, and covered with Blushes, humbly besought the Goodness and Favour of his Majesty, to inform me in which Part of the Army I could have the Honour and Satisfaction to speak to his Royal Highness the D — of C — .

After

After a short solemn Pause,  
 quoth the Hero, with a scornful  
 flirt of his Fingers, a strange  
 Accent, and in very bad broken  
*English* (so that I said to myself,  
 'Tis now very plain this is the  
 — — — for his Speech bewrayeth  
 him) “ Oh he be one futy Prince,  
 “ a Deferter from the Camp of  
 “ *Petits Maitres*, under whose  
 “ Banner alone we of this Army  
 “ fight ; but let him boast and  
 “ prove himself as often and as  
 “ bravely soever as he will a  
 “ Prince of the Blood of *Mars* as  
 “ well as *Venus*, he may depend  
 “ upon

“ upon it, me will be fure never  
“ to pick a Quarrel with him  
“ parfonally upon dat an Ac-  
“ count.”

This haughty *Afiatic* Prince  
had scarce done fpeaking, when  
lo ! there appeared, on a fudden,  
a long way off, upon the Plain,  
the bold Form of a Youth, clad  
in Armour, and bending his  
March, with hafty Majesty, to-  
wards the Place where the Army  
ftood. The diftance between him  
and it was foon feen to leffen  
very confiderably, till at length we  
were



were nigh enough to discern, to our unspeakable Horror, something very dreadful in the terrific Mein, and Port of this puissant Warrior, who, with his Right-hand grasp'd a huge drawn Sword, red with Slaughter, in his Left an unweildly golden Spear, in equal Poise fell Lengthways, pompous o'er his Helmet an awful Plume nods horrible, the stern Anger of *Achilles*, as lofty *Homer* describes it, in all its Fierceness, sat lowting on his Brow, his ivory Teeth were fixt fast together, and his under Jaw quite drawn-up with



with a fixedness of Attention, and mighty Vigour of Resolution to execute the daring Purpose of his Soul, his Eye-balls roll'd indignant, his Eyes darted Lightning, his Voice was Thunder, raging so strong in Operation, Earth, Air, and Heaven, above, below, and all around us trembled to the Centre, upon his calling out aloud, above a Mile from the Army of modern Princes, to tell them, that he should come up with them, and would give them Battle, within a quarter of an Hour ; which so terrified them, together with

C

his

his stately March and formidable Appearance, that to favour their Flight, they all of them to a Man, threw down their Arms, and abjectly fled away with panic Consternation and Swiftnefs.

